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ON HIS  
C H A R I O T.

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THE  
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*Given to my Son & Daughter  
by me William Edmonds*

T H E

*1843.*

# 'S Q U I R E

I N H I S

## C H A R I O T.

A

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

---

*Tunc impunè hæc facias? Tunc hic homines adolescentulos,  
Imperitos rerum, eduçtos liberè, in fraudem illicis?  
Sollicitando & pollicitando eorum animos lætas?  
Ac meretricios amores nuptiis conglutinas?*

TER. ANDR. A&V. Sc. 4.

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L O N D O N:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCCCLXXV.

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DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT

R62079

1. The number of persons who are employed in the business of the company is 100.

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T H E  
FOLLOWING PIECE

Is humbly dedicated to

JOHN M \* L L \* \* D, ESQUIRE,

IN GRATITUDE FOR

The many FAVORS by him conferred on,

*His obliged,*

*most devoted,*

*and most obedient Servant,*

The AUTHOR.

THE FOLLOWING PIECE

JOHN M. ALLEN, D. ESQUIRE,

IN GRATEFUL REPLY

TO THE MANY FAVORABLE COMMENTS ON

THE AUTHOR,



## ADVERTISEMENT.

AS the greater part of the following Scenes are founded on facts, and the piece not intended for the stage; the author hopes the kind reader will not expect that regularity of plot, and intervention of incidents, so necessary to Comedy; where the characters are general, and the whole fabulous; his aim was as much as possible, consistent with the nature of a dramatic Entertainment, to confine himself to truth; tho' as he was obliged to maintain something like a plot to the end, he acknowledges the success of his Lovers, with which he concludes, to be mere fiction. Herein he has only taken the liberty of following the custom of dramatic Writers, who ever make it a rule to conclude their plot happily, by making their Hero's of intrigue to succeed with their mistresses.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

### MEN.

'Squire Infolent  
Constant  
Friendly  
Thomas, the Coachman

Clerks, Servants, &c. &c.

### WOMEN.

Mrs. Infolent  
Mrs. Stately  
Eliza  
Miss Deceit  
Sally Airship  
Betty

SCENE, BRISTOL and its Environs.

( 01 )

THE

'SQUIRE in his CHARIOT,

A Dramatic ENTERTAINMENT.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*A Meadow—enter on one side* CONSTANT, *on the other side* ELIZA and *Miss* DECEIT.

C O N S T A N T.

THIS punctuality, my dear *Eliza*, is, I flatter myself, a good omen of the speedy consummation of my wishes; permit me then, my Angel, to name the day, that will put me in possession of all I hold dear.

E L I Z A.

You cannot be at a loss to define the perplexity I must necessarily be in between my love and my duty; you know the temper of my family too well, to entertain the least hope now of obtaining their consent. How then can I fly in the face of those who are so indulgent to me, in every other matter, without being guilty of a great crime.

C O N S T A N T.

Can it be criminal to consult your own happiness?  
—When parents would sacrifice their children to gratify

B

gratify their own fordid views, surely they only are to blame, if a child in following her inclinations, is obliged to act without their consent.—Come, come, no more of these needless fears.

E L I Z A.

Parents surely can best judge what is fittest for their children.

C O N S T A N T.

Granted, provided they are not misled by interest or prejudice; but you know, our first acquaintance began with the knowledge and approbation of your family—tho' they have spurn'd at me, as unworthy of being allied to them, ever since they have thought of setting up their carriage—whence it is clear, their pride alone influences their judgment.

E L I Z A.

It is too true.—tho' they now deny ever having known it.

C O N S T A N T.

I am fully convinc'd—it is to your brother-in-law, Mr. *Insolent*, we are principally indebted for this change; it is of a piece with his general conduct, his haughty carriage renders him odious to all.—I really pity him—A young man just entered into life, who is indebted to his partner Mr. *Worthy* (to whom he was but the other day a Clerk) for all he possesses, to give himself the airs he does—is intolerable.

E L I Z A.

I cannot suffer you to talk thus of any relation of mine, however deserving he may be of it.

C O N S T A N T.

I have done.—But I hope to hear no more of your scruples. Should all forsake you, these arms will shelter you with love. But I have not the least doubt  
of



of a reconciliation with your family, when they find our union secure.

MISS D E C E I T.

A truce to this foolish talking—let me hear no more of parents and nonsense—there is nothing more to be done, but to get a Parson who will tie the knot privately—and then let any one untie it that can.—O how clever it will be to trick the old folks,—how they will stare to find *Eliza Stately* metamorphos'd to Mrs. *Constant*,—the very thought makes my heart leap for joy.

E L I Z A.

What to do—or how to act, I know not.

D E C E I T.

What you can hesitate about, I can't conceive—consider should you be discovered, an opportunity, like this, once lost, may never be regain'd.

E L I Z A.

Well, I see it must be so, dispose of me as you will, I am all submission.

C O N S T A N T.

Thus let me express my thanks (*eagerly kissing her hand*) when language is deficient.—Dear *Deceit*, you are the best of girls so warmly to espouse my cause—strive but to divert my *Eliza's* fears, while I go to make preparations for our union, and you will bind me to you for ever.—Adieu for the present.

*Exit* CONSTANT.

D E C E I T.

Walk on before *Eliza*, I will follow you presently.

E L I Z A.

Don't be long.—

*Exit* ELIZA.

D E C E I T *alone.*

So then my turtles—have I raised your expectations to the highest pitch, but to make your disappointment the greater—Fools! to fix on me for their confidant—do they think I can bear for others to enjoy pleasures I am debar'd of? —No, no, since I have been oblig'd to live to these years of maiden-hood—it shall be the whole business of my life to be instrumental in disappointing as many others as I can—let me see—how must I proceed?—I have it—I will go directly to Mrs. *Insolent's*, and make the family acquainted with the whole affair.—O how I shall exult to see the gloom of disappointment hang on the faces of the tender chicken—what pleasure can equal it? *Exit*

S C E N E.

*'Squire Insolent's Compting-House, Clerks writing at a Desk.*

*Enter Insolent in a Flannel Gown, Red Slippers, and his Hair hanging loose behind.*

What do these fellows of tradesmen mean, by troubling me in this manner, when I have matters of so much more importance to attend to?—Just as I was treating with my grazier for a couple of Heifers, to keep in one of the fields I have lately purchased, I must be called away—It is insupportable—I do insist on it—if these troublesome people come when I am not here, they are told to call again—if it be fifty times.

C L E R K.

I beg your pardon Sir, I did not know you was so particularly engaged, or I would not have call'd you out.

I N S O L E N T.

You did'nt know indeed! what do you know? you do'nt know I suppose either, that *I every day take physic; for the blow I received in the Groin, with a Tennis-Ball, when I was in London*; this should be a reason why

why I'm not to be troubled—Pshaw! there comes another of these fellows.

*Enter a reputable Tradesman—Insolent stands with his back to him, viewing his legs, without taking any notice of him.*

TRADES MAN.

I take the liberty to wait on you, Sir, to settle my small account if it be convenient; it has been some time due, Sir.

Insolent—(*still continuing with his back to him,—waiting some time before he gives him an answer.*)

You must call next week.

(*haughtily.*)

TRADES MAN.

Sir, your humble servant.

*Exit.*

ENTER a servant.

SERVANT.

Miss Deceit is in the parlour, Sir. My Mistress begs your company.—

INSOLENT.

I'll wait on her.—Here Quilldrive—(*to one of the Clerks*) do write a paragraph and send it to one of the papers, extolling me for my public services in assisting to forward a petition to parliament, 'on American affairs—

CLERK.

It shall be done, Sir.—

SCENE changes to the Parlour.

Miss Deceit, Mrs. Stately, Mrs. Insolent, Insolent.

Mrs. Insolent (*to Deceit.*)

What is it you tell me? I scarcely credit my own ears. Young Constant! is it possible he could have the

the assurance to aspire to my sister?—his insolence! does he think merit can recommend him to an alliance with one of the first families in town—a family that claims the lead in all the Oratorios, Balls, Concerts, &c. both public and private, in the city.—Was he, like my Dearee, descended from the great *Shenkin ap Male-Duck*, and could boast of such immense possessions, we might deign to think of him—but a poverty-struck brat, without birth or fortune,—O, I faint.

*[She faints.—Miss Deceit applies some drops to her nostrils, and all are busy to recover her. After she comes to herself,*

# D E C E I T.

O dear Madam, do not lay the affair so much to heart; consider as they are not married, it can be prevented easy enough—nothing can be done without my assistance---you have nothing to do but keep them asunder.

# Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

The young huffey! that a daughter of mine should have so little of the pride of her family.—I'll take care to keep her close under lock and key for the future, I'll engage—the forward baggage!

# I N S O L E N T.

Was it for this, I have taken such pains to outshine every one? to set up my Chariot and pair of bays (*aside*)—tho' it is true I am oblig'd to turn hallier, and be guilty of a thousand other meannesses to support them) Was it for this I became a member of the Bill of Rights, to be dubb'd an Esquire? Was it for this, I supported my consequence on the hustings, at the election, with my laced hat? I, who led two members into the House, and have been offer'd a seat for two boroughs myself—to be allied to a beggarly scoundrel! I can scarcely sur vive the thought.

Mrs.



Mrs. I N S O L E N T.

But now, thanks to good Miss *Deceit*, we are happy enough, to have made this discovery; let us, my dear, seriously think of means to learn what further we can of the matter, as well as to counteract any future designs they may have.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y,

A thought strikes me—before we make *Eliza* acquainted with the knowledge of it, suppose we break open her *Escritoir*, where we may chance to meet with some letters or papers (as no doubt they have some time kept up a private correspondence) that may throw a clearer light on this dark transaction.

I N S O L E N T.

A lucky thought—after which, do you, Madam (to Mrs. *Stately*) take care of Miss; as for *Constant*, I will do his business—my revenge will not sleep—I'll pursue him 'till I've work'd out his final ruin—such consummate impudence was never heard of—marry into my family! the audacious villain!

Mrs. I N S O L E N T.

But my dear, this unlucky affair has almost made me forget, that we are to make our appearance to day, in our Chariot for the first time.

I N S O L E N T.

Right, my dear—I'll call *Thomas*, that you may give him orders about your rout.—Here, *Thomas*! *Thomas*!

*Enter THOMAS in a new green livery, turn'd up with white, and a lac'd hat in his hand.*

Mrs. I N S O L E N T.

Mind now what I shall tell you—go and put to the horses—you've learned them the *grand pas*, I hope—when we are out, drive always a full gallop—we shall be

be taken the greater notice of—never give place to any person—should it be the Czar of Muscovy—rather overturn the carriage than give way in the least,—d'ye hear me, fellow ?

THOMAS.

Yes, Madam.

Mrs. INSOLENT.

Can't you attend to me without staring so, Mr. Impudence?—no matter how far round about you drive to the different places you are to stop at ; for you must contrive to pass through every street in the city, without exception—I should die with vexation, if I thought I should not be seen by every body in town.—O my dear *Deceit*, what a pleasure it will be to gallop about in one's own carriage—to be able to look down with contempt on the trollops that are obliged to trudge the dirty streets a-foot.

DECEIT.

Indeed it will be charming [*aside*] but I would not be so laughed at as you will be for the world.

Mrs. INSOLENT.

O delightful ! the thought almost over-powers me. d'ye hear, *Thomas*—you must stop at Mrs. *Rush-Light's*, the tallow-chandler—then take a circle round to Mrs. *Fig's*, the grocer ; from thence to Mrs. *Vel-lum's*, the book-binder ; the other places we will tell you while we are out—mind that you gallop every step of the way—but above all things don't forget to drive across the Exchange between 1 and 2 o'Clock.—How fine it will be to be star'd at by the dull cits !

THOMAS.

I won't forget, madam, [*aside*] I'll warrant I sha'n't be idle now.

INSOLENT.

## I N S O L E N T.

Ah! *Thomas*, let the carriage be at the door to-morrow morning at 8 o'Clock, to take me to the Guild-hall.

*THOMAS.*

Yes, Sir.

*Exit.*

## I N S O L E N T.

I am on the jury—S'death to be obliged to associate with a parcel of low-bred fellows!—however, my bag, lac'd waistcoat, and chariot, will save me the trouble of telling them, how much I am their superior, and the honor I confer on them by my company.

*Mrs. STATELY.*

Indeed, my dear, I wonder you go—it is degrading yourself in no small degree.

## I N S O L E N T.

Why, madam,—the fact is—there is a pleasure in being the greatest man in company—to be honor'd and notic'd by all, as a superior being, is really sometimes worth sinking ones dignity for.

## D E C E I T.

I am quite of your opinion, Sir.

*Enter a Servant with a Card for* I N S O L E N T.

“Mr. *Flipup*'s compliments to Mr. *Insolent*, if he does not use his mare this morning, he will thank him for her to go a few miles into the country”

## I N S O L E N T.

What, my favorite mare?—I wonder the man knows no better—“Why, if God Almighty himself was to ask me he should not have her.” He may ride the horse I won of him by the toss of a halfpenny if he pleases.

*Servant*

Servant to Mrs. INSOLENT.

The carriage is at the door, Madam. *Exit.*

Mrs. I N S O L E N T.

Now, *Deceit*, I am going to enter my heaven--come Madam (to Mrs. *Stately*) I shall not be at peace a moment till I'm in the chariot--We'll take up *Eliza*, when, my dear, (to *Insolent*) you may seize the opportunity of breaking open her *Escritoir*, you know.

I N S O L E N T.

Leave me alone for that.

D E C E I T.

I will attend you to the door, and see you go.

*Exit Ladies.*

I N S O L E N T *alone.*

Now that I'm alone, let me congratulate myself on this discovery of *Constant's* Intrigue with *Eliza*--this will be a fine plea to work out his downfall--besides, this affront that he has put on me and my family, by this audacity--I owe him an old grudge, for that he was too wary to be deceived by the arts of myself and a mistress I have in keeping, between whom I sometime since wanted to make a match, in hopes to get her off my hands. He, not swallowing the bait, I have ever since been his sworn enemy, tho' under the mask of the warmest friendship--let me think--I'll try once more what *Sally* can do with him, as she is an artful girl, perhaps she may succeed in a second attempt, tho' she fail'd in the first; for I don't think he absolutely knows of our intimacy, tho' I believe he suspects--thus, if she can work on him to oblige him to marry her, I shall save 50l. a year I pay for her maintenance, have the enjoyment of her still, and at the same time put beyond a possibility his stealing *Eliza*--As for the children I have by *Sally*, I can dispose of 'em easy



easy enough—should this fail, I've nothing to do but blacken his character to Mr. *Worthy*, on whom his sole dependence lies, and ruin him that way.—Now to my operations. *Exit.*

SALLY AIRSHIP'S lodgings—*she fitting making baby linen.*

*Enter* INSOLENT.

INSOLENT.

How does my girl this morning?

SALLY.

To what stroke of chance am I indebted for this visit, so unexpected, Sir?

INSOLENT.

I want to have a little talk with you on a particular matter—Upon my soul, *Sally*, you look charming in this new strip'd silk gown---is this the silk I brought you from London?

SALLY.

It is, Sir,—I'm glad I please you in it.

INSOLENT.

Indeed it becomes you mightily---but to the purpose.

SALLY.

Well, Sir.

INSOLENT.

*Young Constant* has offended me, grossly offended me—would you believe it---he has had the impudence to think of marrying my wife's sister *Eliza*.

SALLY.

It is no more than what I long since suspected, and by their appearing together in public as they have done, it was the general opinion that it was by the consent of her family.

INSOLENT

## I N S O L E N T.

No such thing---Well, what I have to propose to you is---a second attempt on him to marry you---we shall put *Eliza* out of his power, therefore she can be no obstacle---tho' you failed in the first, I'm in hopes this may be attended with better success, particularly as I suppose he will be desperate when he finds himself disappointed of my sister, and off his guard---I don't care what means you use so you succeed---you know there is a way to oblige him.---You understand me.

## S A L L Y.

I shall very readily enter into your scheme---but do you think he does not know what footing I am on with you ?

## I N S O L E N T.

He may suspect it, but as he can have no proof, I will undertake to remove his suspicions---for you know my talent in coining a lie, can be equal'd but by the firmness with which I stand to it, when told---you may remember how I swore the last time, that I did not know whether you was man or woman, when he intimated his suspicion.

## S A L L Y.

I shall undertake this the more heartily, as people, seeing you come in and out so often, begin to look with an evil eye on me, and already my scholars decrease very fast---they say, the excuse of your coming to see the harpsicord that my brother has to dispose of is become rather stale.

## I N S O L E N T,

(*Aside*, Why faith, it is odd enough, for the education of young girls to be entrusted to a kept mistress)---Why yes, could you oblige him to marry you, your character would then be immaculate, tho' I should still  
continue

continue my visits; the virtue of a married woman can never be impeached---a husband is a salvo for all breaches, as well before, as after marriage.

S A L L Y.

Very true, Sir.

I N S O L E N T.

Besides, were you married, I should hope to lead a peaceable life at home—I have just sent to London for a watch, price fifty guineas, to stop Mrs. *Insolent's* mouth, that I may hear no more of you from her.

S A L L Y.

The watch and the chariot will surely quiet her.

I N S O L E N T.

I think they ought to---tho' you are not the only grievance the chariot was to heal. The cursed blow I received by the tennis ball in London, that kept me from you so long, was the cause of a continual clamor, till I pacify'd her with a carriage and pair of bays.

S A L L Y.

As I was an equal sufferer by it from your long absence, I think I have a right to be clamorous too, unless you stop my mouth as well.

I N S O L E N T.

Well, am not I about getting you a husband, you hussy?

S A L L Y.

But that is only in expectation---I much doubt my succeeding.

I N S O L E N T.

You may thank your own mismanagement then---I know you are not wanting in your sex's arts, if you do not use them, you cannot expect success---I know

know him to be a young fellow of a warm constitution. He cannot easily resist temptations.

S A L L Y.

Well, I'll do my best.

I N S O L E N T.

As I shall not be able to call on you soon again, write me a line to let me know when you have done any thing---here I will give you some covers addressed to myself---they are my own writing, only I have disguis'd my hand as much as possible---let me see---to *John Insolent*, Esq.---You can inclose what you write, you know, in one of these, *as usual*---(he gives her some covers.

S A L L Y.

Yes, yes, I understand you, in the manner I wrote to you so often from Bath.

I N S O L E N T.

Ay---ay---well, I must be gone---I shall expect to hear soon of your great progress--come give me a kiss, (he kisses her) adieu! *Exit.*

S A L L Y, alone.

Let me think---this said marriage, if I can bring it about, will be no bad step. For Mr. *Insolent's* allowance goes but a small way to support me in the kind of life I lead, and it is very mortifying to be obliged to do any kind of work---now could I oblige *Constant* to marry me, he would, of course, be accountable for all my debts, I should still have Mr. *Insolent* for my friend, and live as I please---faith it would be charming. But how to go to work is the quere---I do not think he yet knows of the discovery that's made of his amour with *Eliza*---this will be a good excuse for sending to him---I'll dispatch a note to him directly. *Exit.*

A C T



A C T II.

S C E N E I. CONSTANT's Lodgings.

CONSTANT, *alone.*

**T**HUS far all goes fair,--I've settled every thing for our nuptials, and e'er to-morrow's sun goes down, I hope to be in possession of my dear *Eliza*.

*Enter a Servant.*

S E R V A N T.

Mr. *Friendly*, Sir.

CONSTANT.

Bid him to walk up. Mr. *Friendly*! What business can he have with me?

*Enter Friendly.*

F R I E N D L Y.

Mr. *Constant*, how d'ye do? I'm glad to see you look so chearful.

CONSTANT.

Pray be seated, Sir.—Why, Sir, I cannot see what cause young people, who have not the cares of a family on their heads, can have to be sad.

F R I E N D L Y.

And yet there are circumstances that sometimes occur, even to young people, that may cast a gloom on that natural *gaieté de cœur* you speak of, and seem yourself at present so amply to possess: such as being disappointed in a favorite pursuit; and that young people

people have favorite pursuits, your own experience I dare say bears you testimony.

CONSTANT.

Why I cannot say, Sir, I've led a life of total inaction.

FRIENDLY.

We will instance one case—A young man has a favorite mistress, on whom he doats: he is just on the verge of possessing her, when in steps a cruel parent, and snatches her from his arms for ever—don't you think an occurrence of this nature, unless he had an uncommon share of philosophy indeed, would damp his spirits a little?

CONSTANT.

I acknowledge the justice of your reasoning, Sir,—but to what does all this tend? I fear some mystery is hid under your words.

FRIENDLY.

Why, Sir, to be plain with you, however disagreeable it is to be the messenger of ill-news; the case, sorry am I to say it, is directly applicable to yourself.

CONSTANT.

I fear'd as much (*in disorder*) but pray go on, Sir.

FRIENDLY.

Do not alarm yourself too much, we shall, I dare say, find an opening in your favor.—But to continue—you know the intimate footing I am on with the *Infolent family*. I am indeed as one of 'em. Scarce a transaction occurs but what I'm made acquainted with.

CONSTANT.

I have observed it.

FRIENDLY.

Well Sir. Miss *Deceit*, your sweet confidante, has been treacherous enough to disclose your intrigue with  
Eliza

*Eliza*, to the family. This I hope will teach you, how you put confidence in old maids, in love affairs for the future; than whom Love cannot have worse enemies.

C O N S T A N T.

She who enter'd so warmly into our interests! who could suspect her—but my dear *Eliza*, what of her? I feel most for her.

F R I E N D L Y.

O, she is caged you may be sure, and will be so for some time, but do not despair, difficulties will inance the pleasure of possession, by and by.

C O N S T A N T.

Alas! that I should be the fatal cause of her suffering so much, as I know she must, from her inflexible relations—O, I shall go mad.

F R I E N D L Y.

No foolery—but hear me. You know *Sally Airship*, and on what footing she is with *Insolent*, I suppose.

C O N S T A N T.

Perfectly well.

F R I E N D L Y.

*Insolent* is now gone to her lodgings, to persuade her, by some means or other, to oblige you to marry her, that it may be out of your power to have *Eliza*, and for other prudential reasons, as you may guess. This he told me in confidence, now tho' I play the traitor in this affair, by making you acquainted with it, yet will it not lie on my conscience. I could not help being your friend, when I found such a snare laying for a young man of your character.

C O N S T A N T.

Dear Mr. *Friendly*, how shall I ever repay this kindness? this is—

C

FRIENDLY,

( 26. )

F R I E N D L Y.

Cease your thanks, I do but my duty in arming you against an evil of such a nature. Further I have to tell you, in case he fails in this scheme, he means to ruin you with your good friend Mr. *Worthy*—

C O N S T A N T.

Inveterate wretch! *✓*

F R I E N D L Y.

But we both know Mr. *Worthy's* character too well, to fear he will hearken to the suggestions of such a man, so that you make yourself perfectly easy on that score.

C O N S T A N T.

From ~~my~~ knowledge of the goodness of his heart, I do not fear his condemning me unheard.

F R I E N D L Y.

Was there ever so striking a contrast in the dispositions of two partners?—while I admire the generosity of one, I cannot help lamenting the depravity of the other.

C O N S T A N T.

Indeed *Insolet's* conduct, both as a merchant, and a man, is highly reprehensible.

F R I E N D L Y.

On every occasion, he seems to take pains to make himself laugh'd at, and despised. His arrogant treatment even of his superiors, the amazing trouble he takes to make himself appear the great man—only think now, of a young man just entered into business, whose circumstances are well known to be but slender, to set up his carriage—and what still adds to the grossness of the inconsistency, at the very time when there is an entire stop to the business on which his dependence lies, occasioned by our quarrel with America.

C O N S T A N T.

It is indeed amazing.

FRIENDLY.



F R I E N D L Y.

His behaviour to you, has made him the ridicule of every body. In what was his situation in life superior to yours when he married *Eliza's* sister? in nothing, and yet that he should give himself such airs, monstrous!

C O N S T A N T.

It but agrees with the general plan of his conduct.

F R I E N D L Y.

Then too, in all companies, he is the noisiest—the most captious, quarrelsome, obstinate wretch that ever lived—opposing all the world: in short, he studies but to make himself hated, despised and shunned, to say nothing of his principal vices and follies—I pity him.

C O N S T A N T.

You've hit off his character to a nicety.

F R I E N D L Y.

Since I've warn'd you of the schemes plotting against you, your own prudence will suggest the means to counter-act them,—now what can I do for you with *Eliza*?

C O N S T A N T.

You've shewn yourself so much my friend, by what you have already done, that I dare not trouble you more.

F R I E N D L Y.

Not a word of trouble, by what I've done, know me for your friend, and use me as such: the cruel usage you and *Eliza* have receiv'd from her family, by first encouraging your acquaintance, then forbidding it, and now on hearing it, disavowing any knowledge of it; is of such a nature, that I would run all risks to accomplish your wishes.

C 2

CONSTANT.

## C O N S T A N T.

I must confess, my attachment to *Eliza* is such, that I cannot think of giving her up, without making some effort to recover her.

## F R I E N D L Y.

A thought strikes me. You know I stand well with the family; suppose I intimate to her mother a wish to marry *Eliza* myself. She, prejudic'd as she is, against you (for all which you may thank *Insolent*) would no doubt be glad to marry her daughter, to prevent a possibility of her falling into your hands.

## C O N S T A N T.

I understand you. Heaven surely inspired you with the idea. You will wear the face of *Eliza's* lover, to cover the heart of *Constant's* friend. You to woo her, and I to wed her. He, is not this your meaning dear *Friendly*?

## F R I E N D L Y.

You have hit it. Tho' we shall have a formidable enemy in *Insolent*, whose aim it is to keep off all lovers from *Eliza*. She not being of a very strong constitution, he is in hopes she may die without marrying, when her fortune of course devolves to him.

## C O N S T A N T.

This I am convinc'd of, and wonder much Mrs. *Stately* cannot see through the artifice. She is entirely led by him.

## F R I E N D L Y.

This shall not discourage me. Should he oppose it, I will urge this argument so strongly to the old lady, that unless she be wilfully blind indeed, she cannot fail of being convinced of the justice of it.

*Enter*

*Enter a servant with a letter for Mr. Constant.*

C O N S T A N T.

He, what have we here? a woman's hand. [*He reads*] "Miss *Airship*" it is you, is it---[*continues*] "takes the liberty to request Mr. *Constant* will give himself the trouble to call on her at her lodgings this morning, if he be not otherwise engaged, as she has something particular to communicate to him."——Matters are settled then you find, I have some inclination to humor this girl, just to see in what manner she will proceed.

F R I E N D L Y.

Use your own pleasure---only take care she be not too cunning for you.---

C O N S T A N T.

Fear me not.

F R I E N D L Y,

Well, nothing more can be said or done at present, so I'll leave you to wait on the lady. We shall see one the other often enough to learn what progress we make, only we must be careful not to be seen together in public.——Adieu! *Exit* Friendly.

C O N S T A N T, *alone.*

Well what a fickle jade is this Fortune! like an April day she smiles and lours by fits and starts,—not an hour since I thought myself secure in the possession of my love---of whom I am now cruelly rob'd---but in losing her, I have still the consolation of having gained a friend; by whose kind interposition I flatter myself, my happiness, tho' it now eludes my grasp, will one day yet be compleat--at least, what satisfaction can arise from hope, I will enjoy.——Now then for this Lady's lodgings. *Exit.*

SALLY Airship's lodgings.

SALLY alone. *[Going to the glass.]*

Let me see—what kind of a figure do I make? come, come, not so contemptible---he must be cold indeed, if I do not ensnare him.

*Enter a Servant.*

S E R V A N T.

Mr. Constant, Madam,

S A L L Y.

Shew him up---now or never.

*Enter Constant looking sad.*

Mr. Constant, I'm extremely glad to see you--pray be seated, Sir---by the gloom that overspreads your features, I'm inclin'd to think I may save myself the pains of informing you the cause of my sending for you.

C O N S T A N T.

'Till I hear the cause, Madam, I really cannot say.--

S A L L Y.

I mean the discovery of your amour with *Eliza* have you yet heard it?

C O N S T A N T.

I have indeed, to my sorrow.

S A L L Y.

I sympathize with you, Sir, from my heart, I thought it would be serving you to let you know it, which was the reason of my sending to you---tho' I find some one has been before me.

C O N S T A N T.

I thank you, Madam, for your kindness--but from whence could you learn it so soon?

S A L L Y.



S A L L Y.

[That question I did not expect--what shall I say?  
*aside*]---O Sir---one of Mr. *Insolent's* servants called  
to see my maid this morning, from whom I heard it.

C O N S T A N T.

How ready with a fallhood!

[*aside*.

S A L L Y.

Come, come, Sir, don't lay this matter to heart,  
rather think of means to divert your melancholy---  
[*looking wantonly at him.*]

C O N S T A N T.

It is a circumstance that cannot easily be forgot,

S A L L Y.

I know it cannot but affect you, but is there no re-  
medy? [*still looking amorously at him*] can no other  
object fix your attention for a short time; my esteem  
for you is not yet extinguished [*squeezing his hand*]  
can I administer no consolation to you?

C O N S T A N T.

(*Aside*.—I will encourage her). That man must be  
truly insensible, who could refuse consolation from so  
fair a being, when offer'd to him; the voluptuary  
might as easily fast with all the dainties of nature before  
him.

S A L L Y.

If I cannot divert your thoughts—I have in my  
chamber the picture of a lady of such exquisite beauty,  
the sight will cause you to forget all former impressions.  
I will go and fetch it.

C O N S T A N T.

I will save you the trouble, by attending you. [*As  
he is leading her off---*] *aside* She has soon come to  
the

the point ; I will lead her on to the last, then disap-  
point her, and upbraid her with her wicked attempt.

*Exit.*

*A Hall in INSOLENT'S House.*

*Enter Thomas the Coachman.*

My poor Horses, I'm sure can never hold it out much longer at the rate we drive—O Lord I'm quite jaded out—in the short time that my mistress has had her carriage, there is not a street or lane in town, but the wheels have mark'd---it is "drive here, drive there," without the least pity on the poor beasts;---why, if it be but to pay a visit the other side of the street, of as fine a day as ever the sun shin'd on, it is "Put to, Thomas."——I cannot stand it much longer.

*Enter BETTY.*

B E T T Y.

O mercy! what will become of me? my mistress has surely got the letter.

T H O M A S.

What letter?

B E T T Y.

Why, a letter Mr. *Constant* gave me, to give to Miss *Eliza*, I have lost it: I'm sure I must have dropt it out of my bosom when I was dressing my mistress this morning.

T H O M A S.

A pretty kettle of fish you've made of it truly.

B E T T Y.

Well, it is but to follow the three and twenty servants that have already gone this year, I shall make up the two dozen. I'm sure there is no peace here,

here; it is nothing but scolding, scolding for ever; I wonder if she learns it at Lady *Huntingdon's* chapel, or at *Wesley's* room, or where.---Lord, *Thomas*, talking of *Wesley's* room, I've heard people call him a Jesuit, d'ye know what a Jesuit is?

T H O M A S.

No. But I do think it is as much as to call him a Turn-coat, because folks do say he changes from one side to t'other, all one as a weather-cock.

B E T T Y.

Lord help us, here comes my mistress.

*Enter Mrs. Insolent, in a passion.*

Mrs. I N S O L E N T.

So Mrs. go-between, you are a pretty baggage ar'n't you.

B E T T Y, *aside*.

So now the storm begins, it proves as I fear'd.

Mrs. I N S O L E N T.

I'll give you carrying letters to my sister, you jade you, I will; come, madam pack up your clothes and decamp.

B E T T Y.

I thought no harm, madam.

Mrs. I N S O L E N T.

Don't speak to me, you impudent slut; things are come to a fine pass indeed, when servants take upon them to give their mistresses three words for one; out of my sight immediately, you creature.

B E T T Y.

Creature, forsooth! let me tell you, ma'am, I'm flesh and blood as well as you ma'am, and since you  
come

come to that, your place is no great catch, and I don't care a fig for it. I didn't intend to stay much longer with you---and if I was Mr. *Constant*, I would not trouble myself about your sister; he is much too good to belong to such a family. [*As she is going out*] People sprung from nothing to give themselves such airs indeed!

THOMAS, *aside*.

*Exit*

Egad, mistress has met with her match for once.

Mrs. INSOLENT.

Was there ever such an impudent creature? I could tear her eyes out.——Tell your master I want to speak with him.

*Exit Thomas.*

To be used thus by a servant is intolerable. I almost faint with rage.

*Enter* INSOLENT.

INSOLENT.

What would you have with me, my dear.

Mrs. INSOLENT.

Look there [*giving him the letter*] your servants are in league against us---this Mrs. *Betty* dropt, and I by good fortune pick'd it up.

INSOLENT.

O the infamous jade---You have turn'd her out of the house, I hope.

Mrs. INSOLENT.

Yes, yes, she shan't stay here. You can't think how the hussy abused me.

INSOLENT.

Well, I see this letter contains nothing more than what we knew before. I'll warrant Miss *Eliza*'s receiving



ceiving no more letters from this impertinent varlet, I've taken such steps as I hope will effectually secure him from any future commerce with her.

Mrs. INSOLENT.

Let me see, what else had I to say to you? Oh, you know as it's *our* Concert night, to night, I've been thinking to send to *Signora Ravishioni*, to come and drink a dish of tea with us, and take her in our Chariot to the Assembly-Room.

INSOLENT.

Why yes, I do not see why we should not patronize Singers, Actresses, &c. as well as the rest of the *Beau monde*: it is no bad thought; besides, the great honor we shall do her, will no doubt put her in spirits, and make our entertainment the more ravishing.

Mrs. INSOLENT.

Well, I must go and dress. *Exit Mrs. Insolent.*

INSOLENT *alone.*

And I must go to the Billiard-Table to determine a bett for 50l. I've made with *Joe Hazard*.

*As he is going out enter a servant with a letter. [and Exit.*  
A letter from *Sally*, now for seeing what progress she has made.— *[Reads.]*

"Dear Sir,

"All is lost; *Constant* has been with me, the wretch, after leading me on, even to the following me to my chamber, where I spared nothing to invite him—in the moment I expected our scheme would be completed, not only disappointed me, but upbraided me in the most opprobrious terms, of my acquaintance with you, and the plot laid for him; from whom he could have intelligence of it I cannot devise.

Your sincere,

S. A."  
Hell

Hell and the furies! Well, there is one way left, and it shall go hard indeed, if I do not succeed in that.

[Exit in a passion.]

A Room in Mrs. STATELY'S House:

E L I Z A alone.

Hard fate! to be thus cruelly confined for an act on which my own happiness alone depends—not to be allowed a choice in a matter which can affect myself only, is the height of cruelty—do they think this restraint can alter my fixed resolution? no, rather does it serve as a stimulus to the accomplishment of my purposes. Heigh ho! what would I give to hear from *Constant*—but here comes my mother—now for a lecture.

Enter Mrs STATELY.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

So, Miss, you are in the dumps, I see,---shall I send your dear Mr. *Constant* to raise your spirits a little? I dare say you could smile and look cheerful enough upon him.

E L I Z A.

Dear Madam, do not add insult to my confinement---my fault, if it be one, is already sufficiently punished.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

Good heaven! that a daughter of mine should so degenerate from her family, as to have so little pride, to think of marrying a beggar, a fellow without a shilling to save him from starving!

E L I Z A.

Is money the only requisite, madam? can no other consideration weigh with you?

Mrs.

Mrs. STATELY.

No other consideration indeed! what is there can make the least amends for the want of it? there's your sister rolls in her chariot, whilst you would have walk'd afoot and starved. For if you had marry'd, you should never have set your foot within my doors, I'll assure you.

ELIZA.

Indeed, madam, I did not think you could have used me so cruelly.

Mrs. STATELY.

Cruelly! it would be impossible to use you ill enough---since I have been so fortunate as to discover your tricks, I'll take care of you as long as I live---and I have just sent for the lawyer to add a clause to my will, to cut you off with a shilling, should you marry him after I'm dead---so look to't Miss---you know your fate.

ELIZA.

Hard is my lot indeed.

Mrs. STATELY.

No repining—I wonder who is the best judge of a husband for you, you or I.

ELIZA.

You wont force me to marry any one else, I hope.

Mrs. STATELY.

That is, as matters may turn out—for the present I shall be content with marrying you to your chamber.

*Enter*

*Enter Servant.*

S E R V A N T.

Mr. *Friendly* is below, madam.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

I'll wait on him—so, Miss, I shall leave you to your meditations.

*Exit Mrs. Stately.*

E L I Z A, *alone.*

I am glad she's gone, tho' I came better off than I expected—ah, mother, mother, you are much mistaken, if you think I'm to be frightened with threats—I'm still unshaken, as to cutting me off with a shilling, I suppose, madam, you think I don't know that I have a fortune independent of you. I've not liv'd to these years to be so ignorant as that, neither—Now to my thoughts again---O *Constant*, would I was with thee—he'll surely devise some means to release me from this prison.

*Scene changes to another Room.*

Mrs. STATELY, FRIENDLY.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

Indeed it gives me much vexation to think she could descend so low. Would to heaven I could well marry her, to secure her from that fellow.

F R I E N D L Y.

Why, yes, Madam, I think it would be an effectual method of keeping them asunder---and now, madam, that we are on this topic, I shall take the liberty to tell you, that I once entertained hopes of rendering myself agreeable to your daughter myself.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

You surprise me, Sir,---it is quite new to me.

FRIENDLY.



FRIENDLY.

And went so far as to make a declaration of my sentiments to her, but not meeting with the reception I could have wished, I desisted, tho' I then was a stranger to the cause---this, Madam, was the reason of my not making you acquainted with it, being unwilling to persist, when I found *Eliza* averse to my addresses.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

O the perverse humbug! to reject such an offer for such a worthless beggar.

FRIENDLY.

Now, Madam, that *Eliza* finds it impossible to marry *Constant*, perhaps she may be more inclin'd to hear a renewal of my suit, if it meets your approbation.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

And can you, Sir, condescend to think of her again, after the treatment you've already received from her, and the knowledge of her conduct with Mr. *Constant*.

FRIENDLY.

O dear Madam, these are the common weaknesses of young people, and must be overlook'd as such.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

You are too good, Sir, I'll call her down immediately, and lay my commands on her.

FRIENDLY.

Would it not be better to let me make trial first, how she will receive my advances.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

You are far too indulgent—I say consult her—I will command her to hear you—here *Lizy*, *Lizy* (*calling her*)  
come

come down directly—but I forgot I've the key of her chamber in my pocket, I must go up myself and release her.—— *Exit.*

F R I E N D L Y. *alone.*

Thus far, *Constant*, do I go on swimmingly for you.

*Enter* Mrs. STATELY and ELIZA.

Mrs. STATELY.

Do you hear me, *Lizy*? Mr. *Friendly*, notwithstanding your unworthyness, has made me an offer, in your favor, of his hand; and I do insist on your hearing him, and from this day consider him as your future husband.

F R I E N D L Y.

O pray, Madam, use no violence on Miss *Eliza's* inclinations; I hope we shall agree very well without compulsion.

E L I Z A.

This is an unexpected stroke—surely, Madam, as you disapprov'd of the choice I made, tho' it was for myself—you will at least allow me the same liberty with your choice.

Mrs. STATELY.

Your choice indeed! would you put your judgment on a footing with mine? I have had experience, child, and must know better than you; therefore I will hear no more objections.

*Eliza bursting into tears.*

This is insupportable.

F R I E N D L Y.

(To *Eliza*) Dry up your tears, Madam—you need not fear any thing from me, I will do nothing without your concurrence—[to Mrs. *Stately*] Madam will you favor

favor me, by leaving me alone with *Eliza*? you may perhaps find her more complying when I've had a little conversation with her.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

Well, I'll leave you together—but mind *Lizy*, that I hear no complaints from Mr. *Friendly* of your perverse behaviour. *Exit.*

FRIENDLY and ELIZA.

FRIENDLY.

My dear *Eliza*, I beg ten thousand pardons for the pain I've given you, but instead of your lover, know me for yours and *Constant's* friend.

E L I Z A.

Can it be possible? generous man!

FRIENDLY.

This is a scheme concerted by *Constant* and me, to deceive your family, the more effectually to serve you.

E L I Z A.

I thought I knew Mr. *Friendly* too well, to fear he would be the instrument of any violence being put on my will, knowing the state of my heart.

FRIENDLY.

No, tho' I shou'd be the happiest of mortals in the possession of you, dear *Eliza*;—yet, when I know your heart to be already bestow'd on an object so much worthier, I can sacrifice every thing to your and his happiness.

E L I Z A.

Such sentiments can flow but from noble minds—may you be blest with one as deserving of you, as I am unworthy!

FRIENDLY.

Soft, I hear Mrs. *Stately* coming—appear to be somewhat reconciled to her will—(*As she is entering*)

D

Dear

Dear *Eliza*, since you confess, I'm not disagreeable to you, I hope soon to obtain a place in your heart.

*Enter Mrs. STATELY.*

Mrs. STATELY.

Mr. *Friendly*, excuse my returning so suddenly; my impatience to know what kind of treatment you've receiv'd from my daughter would not suffer me to be absent longer. I hope you observed my injunctions *Lizy*.

E L I Z A.

Mr. *Friendly* can best tell you, madam.

F R I E N D L Y.

You may read in *Eliza's* countenance the inclination she has to return to her duty, and consider you, madam, as the best judge, what is fittest for her. A little time will work wonders.

Mrs. STATELY.

Now you are my good *Lizy*, since you begin to come to a sense of your error.

E L I Z A.

Mr. *Friendly's* polite and generous behaviour cannot fail of prepossessing me in his favor.

Mrs. STATELY.

What do I hear? why you have made a greater progress than I could have expected in so short a time.

F R I E N D L Y.

Permit me Madam, to take my leave for the present, [*aside*—I long to let *Constance* know what a fair way his cause is in] it shall not be long before I return, when I hope to confirm my dear *Eliza* in the good opinion she has already begun to receive of me. *Exit*.

Mrs.



Mrs. S T A T E L Y,

Since there are such great hopes of your becoming a dutiful girl, I shall abate somewhat of my rigor, by suffering you at large about the house. (*Afide, Tho' I shall still watch you narrowly.*) [*Exit.*]

E L I Z A *alone.*

Now do I tread in air---What a change is here from misery to happiness. But a short time since deprived of almost every hope of ever seeing *Constant* more----a lover forced on me---that lover, whom I had reason to fear would be my worst evil, proves, on the contrary, my greatest good---the friend of *Constant* and me. My mother too, to be caught in her own trap. O how charming!---I shall think every moment an hour till I see *Friendly* again, by whom I shall expect to hear from *Constant*.

END of the SECOND ACT.

## A C T III.

## SCENE I. CONSTANT's lodgings.

CONSTANT, *alone.*

Now am I anxiously waiting to hear from *Friendly*. Where can he be, that he has not yet been with me? My impatience will not suffer me to be at peace a moment, till I have an account of his proceedings. O, here he is——

*Enter FRIENDLY.*

Welcome, my dear Sir:—Well, what have you done? What success? Have you seen *Eliza*? Are there any hopes of my yet being happy?—Say, speak. I'm all impatience.

FRIENDLY.

(*Aside.* Now have I a mind to torment him a little) —Heyday! here's a string of questions all in a breath—all which I suppose you would have me answer with as much rapidity; what impatient mortals you lovers are, when you expect to hear of your mistresses.

CONSTANT.

Well, but to the point——

FRIENDLY.

Nay, nay, now, don't be in so violent a hurry—As I was coming to you, who do you think I met?

CONSTANT.

But, my dear *Friendly*, tell me---Have you seen *Eliza*?

FRIENDLY.

FRIENDLY.

O, if you interrupt me, you must thank yourself, if I do not satisfy you as soon as you could wish.

CONSTANT.

Well, take your own way. I shall go mad.

FRIENDLY.

As I was going to tell you, I met your good friend and confidante Miss *Deceit*, in whose face you might have read in legible characters—*Apes and mischief*.

CONSTANT.

P'shaw, the Devil take her, and her apes together.

FRIENDLY.

All in good time.

CONSTANT.

But *Eliza*---what of *Eliza*?

FRIENDLY.

She is living, I hear.

CONSTANT.

Come, come, you have tormented me enough: tell me, have you seen her?

FRIENDLY.

At once, to put an end to your torture, I have—all goes fair. The old lady is bit. I've had an interview with *Eliza*, and acquainted her with our scheme.

CONSTANT.

Ten thousand thanks. O, I shall expire with joy—Well, and what have you settled with her?

FRIENDLY.

Nothing yet. The old lady, impatient to know how her daughter received my addresses, interrupted us be-

fore we came to a conclusion. I shall soon wait on her again in the character of a lover, when we will concert measures how she may make her escape.

CONSTANT.

This is delightful---can't you procure me a sight of her? I'm dying to see her.

FRIENDLY.

For Heaven's sake bridle your impatience, or it may mar all we've been doing. Leave your affairs to me, and all will go well.

CONSTANT.

Well, well, I'm all submission.

FRIENDLY.

Let me recollect---I had something to say to you---O, *Insolent*, knowing how necessary an apology is to the world, for his usage of you, has blackened your character to all who have talked with him on the subject, by representing you as a most abandoned libertine, who wanted to debauch his sister. This circumstance, as your friend, I thought it my duty to apprise you of.

CONSTANT.

Thanks, dear Sir, for this intelligence. I must have a little talk with the gentleman on this subject.

FRIENDLY.

I would have you threaten him: with all his pride, he is the arrantest coward, and the most servile wretch that ever lived, when hard put to it.

CONSTANT.

I know him---The quarrel he sometime since had with *Mathematicus* at the *American*, is a striking instance of it; when, after giving the first blow, he ran away on finding his nose bleed.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

[laughing,  
FRIENDLY.



## FRIENDLY.

Further, having been disappointed in his attempt against you, with your friend Mr. *Worthy*, as you know ---he has been plotting means to get you to go abroad ---for which purpose he has employed people to make proposals to you, apparently advantageous; but be careful not to listen to them, as they are meant solely to get you away from *Eliza*.

## C O N S T A N T.

Ah, ah! is that the case? This clears up the mystery of the offers I've lately had. But there too you may chance to plot in vain, Mr. *Insolent*.

## FRIENDLY.

Well, adieu for the present. When I next see you, depend on it you will not be far from the possession of your *Eliza*.

## C O N S T A N T.

Adieu! Heaven prosper you!

[Exit Friendly.]

C O N S T A N T *alone.*

Thus far it is all sunshine. I pray Heaven no clouds may arise to darken the prospect. But why need I fear? Having such an assistant as *Friendly*, how can my purpose fail?—Now, to wait on Mr. *Insolent*, to hear what account he can give of himself. The villain! is it not sufficient to use me thus basely, but my character must suffer from him? What is there a man of his disposition would stop at? Nothing. Honor has long been expunged from his vocabulary.---- What a pity it is such a being as man, who, by his faculties, approaches so near the Deity, should thus debase his nature! But a truce to this moralizing---it has almost made me forget my purpose. [Exit.]

*A Room in Insolent's House.*I N S O L E N T *alone.*

What fatality can attend me, that I am thus baffled in all my schemes against this varlet, *Constant*? Either some genius more than mortal protects him, or some curst dæmon is determined to play at cross-purposes with me.

*Enter a servant.*

S E R V A N T.

Mr. *Constant*, Sir, begs to speak with you in private.

I N S O L E N T.

Mr. *Co-co-nstant* (*stammering and turning pale*) tell him to walk in---[*exit Servant*]--What the devil can he want?

*[trembling.]**Enter CONSTANT.*

C O N S T A N T.

Well you may turn pale, Sir, at the sight of a person, you must be conscious you have endeavoured by every means you could devise, to injure. I am apprized of all your schemes.

I N S O L E N T.

I endeavour to injure you! you must certainly be misinformed; on the contrary, I have ever been your most zealous friend, and have taken every step in my power to serve you.

C O N S T A N T.

Come. come, sir, don't aggravate your guilt, by that meanest of all vices---lying. I know you too well to be easily deceived by your common trick, of making the heartiest professions of friendship to a man, at the time you are plotting an injury against him---I'm not to be deceived by such artifices.

INSO-

I N S O L E N T.

Nay, if you will not believe me, I cannot help it.

C O N S T A N T.

Believe you! you are a composition of falsehoods, of the grossest falsehoods,---why, I suppose, you will tell me you have said nothing injurious to my character.

I N S O L E N T.

No, as I hope for salvation, not a single syllable---on the contrary, whenever your name has been mentioned, I have always been the first to speak in your favor.

C O N S T A N T.

You poor mean wretch! you are more an object of my pity than of my resentment. you have not virtue enough to confess your guilt, nor courage enough to support it, but are obliged to have recourse to your well-known meanness---a denial---tho' at the expence of all that's valuable in man; that noblest of all attributes, truth.

I N S O L E N T.

I'm sorry you should entertain such an opinion of me.

C O N S T A N T.

But that I know you would fly to your old dastardly subterfuge---your family---I would suffer for once my resentment to conquer my pity, and demand that satisfaction of you, which is so justly my due.

I N S O L E N T.

It is very true---I have a family---therefore my life must be much more valuable than yours who are single.

C O N S T A N T.

This is always the coward's plea---I know you do not urge this from principle, but fear---if your family  
is

is to screen you from punishment, it should prevent your running into guilt---be assured, Sir, this will not always save you.

INSOLENT.

Well, Sir, are you satisfied?

CONSTANT.

I am satisfied that you are a villain; and I pray Heaven to mend you--so I take my leave. *Exit.*

INSOLENT *alone.*

Heavens! what a tremor I am in--I'm heartily glad he's gone--I was terribly afraid he would oblige me to fight him---and God knows I would rather suffer the grossest indignities than be reduced to that necessity, and yet now he is gone, methinks I feel as bold as a lion---what a fool was I to take so much from him---I'll warrant he shall not escape so another time. *Exit.*

CONSTANT'S lodgings.

CONSTANT and FRIENDLY.

FRIENDLY.

Yes, happy am I to say it, the plot is now ripe for execution. To-morrow morning, precisely at eleven o'clock, be you in the road that leads into the park, ready with a carriage; depend upon my punctuality with *Eliza*.

CONSTANT.

Do you think her mother will have no suspicion of your intention?

FRIENDLY.

How can she? she has not the most distant idea of my present acquaintance with you—and she will hardly suspect my giving *Eliza* to the arms of another, when I appear so anxious myself to possess her, besides she thinks me entirely devoted to the family.

CON-



## C O N S T A N T.

Well, I shall think each moment an hour 'till the happy minute arrives.

## F R I E N D L Y.

Besides, Miss *Deceit* is to accompany us in our walk, and much confidence is put in her, by the old lady, since she made the discovery. She has acted the part of a Duenna to *Eliza* ever since—You know we can manage her easy enough.

## C O N S T A N T.

I am the more pleased to find she is to be with you, as it will be an additional satisfaction to me, to see her bite her lips for vexation, when she finds our success, spite of her attempts to hinder it.

## F R I E N D L Y.

And you may be assured, I shall exult not a little particularly as I shall keep her from returning with the intelligence, till I think you are joined too fast to be parted—when, leave me alone to make your peace with the old lady—as to the rest of the family, you must never expect to be reconciled to them—their pride is too great—nor indeed need you trouble yourself about them.

## C O N S T A N T.

I do not expect it indeed, the wretch who can be so far lost to all filial affection, as to forget he has a mother, who has been to him the best and tenderest of mothers, will never, I am confident be, reconciled to me, when his pride forbids it—I know his obstinate, inflexible temper too well, to hope or expect it; and I shall never court it, believe me.

## F R I E N D L Y.

He always carries his resentments to greater lengths than any man I know—as you observe, his behaviour  
to

to his mother, is a striking but sad example—I fear it will end but with his life.

C O N S T A N T.

It is a species of guilt, that no excuse can palliate.

F R I E N D L Y.

Well, I have a little business on my hands that demands my presence, mind eleven to-morrow.

C O N S T A N T.

Think you it is possible I can forget it—not one moment will the happy hour escape my thoughts—for sleep I'm sure I shall have none.

F R I E N D L Y.

Well—God bless you!

*Exit.*

C O N S T A N T *alone.*

I am all rapture-to-morrow will end all my anxieties, by putting me in possession of her I love—O I could be guilty of a thousand extravagancies—but I must go and see that nothing be missing—the want of which may hinder the completion of my wishes. *Exit.*

*A Hall in INSOLENT's House.*

*Enter a Servant yawning and stretching himself.*

Five o'clock in the morning as I am a living sinner, and my master not come home yet—these are your married men—what the devil can he be doing now? he did use to be home something sooner than this, tho' not a great deal—*(a knocking at the door)*—O here he is at last.——*(opens the door).*

*Enter INSOLENT, drunk—all over dirt.*

*Hiccup*——damn these scou——ndrels of—*hiccup* watchmen—that we gen-en-tlemen can't do wha-wa-t we please—We must not—*hiccup*—break lamps or win-

win-dows, but they must interfere.—By G—d there was a fine joll—y set of us.—We taught the damn'd rascals what it is to disturb gentlemen in their fun—*hickup.*

SERVANT, *aside.*

Ay, ay. I reckon you'll be obliged to pay sauce for it to-morrow, as you did once before, master.

I N S O L E N T.

Give me a can—dle—I'll go to bed. *Hickup.*

SERVANT *leading him off.*

*Aside*—This is a merchant and a husband. O Lord, Lord!—*Exit.*

A P A R K.

*Enter* CONSTANT, *looking around.*

How tardy do the moments creep—here have I been walking this half hour, and it seems to me an age—(*looking at his watch*) it is past the hour—where can they be so long?—surely no accident has happened—I am fearful—but here they come at once to put an end to all my fears.

*Enter* FRIENDLY, *with* ELIZA, *and* Miss DECEIT.

CONSTANT, (*runs to Eliza and embraces her.*)

My dear *Eliza*, am I happy enough to see you once more?

D E C E I T.

O Heavens! *Constant*! I cannot face him.

FRIENDLY *and* DECEIT, *apart.*

F R I E N D L Y.

Since the sight of him is so disagreeable, you have but to walk apart; I will accompany you.

D E C E I T.

This is mighty fine, Mr. *Friendly*! how will you answer this behaviour to Mrs. *Stately*? FRIENDLY.

FRIENDLY.

Don't let that cause you any trouble—tho' much easier I believe than you can answer to your conscience for your behaviour in this matter.

(*All the Time Friendly and Deceit are talking—Constant and Eliza appear to be in close Conversation.*)

CONSTANT.

These Scruples, at such a Time *Eliza*, are, what I could not have expected.

ELIZA.

Won't you allow me to give one moment to reflection, to think what my family will suffer, what the world will say of this rash step?

CONSTANT.

Your family will soon be reconciled, when they find we are married past recovery---as to the world---why let it talk---come, come, bid adieu to your fears---the carriage is now waiting--let us fly, my angel, on the wings of Love.

FRIENDLY.

Why all this delay? *Eliza* is not at her scruples I hope---consider, should you lose this opportunity, you never may have another.

ELIZA.

Well, I submit.

CONSTANT.

Dearest creature!—

*Exit Eliza and Constant.*

FRIENDLY.

Heaven be with you, my Turtles!

FRIENDLY,



FRIENLY, DECEIT.

D E C E I T.

Gracious heaven! where are they gone?

F R I E N D L Y.

Gone—to be married to be sure—where should they be gone?

D E C E I T.

Married!--(*aside*. O, I could tear his eyes out for mad) I'll run to let Mrs. *Stately* know it:

F R I E N D L Y.

There is no occasion to be in a hurry—I shall make her acquainted with it myself by and by—so madam, you will please to wait my leisure.

D E C E I T, *aside*.

O the provoking wretch! if I could but let the family know it, perhaps there would be time enough to disappoint them yet.

F R I E N D L Y.

What are you muttering to yourself?

D E C E I T.

Nothing—I can but think what confusion *Eliza's* family will be in, when they hear it.

F R I E N D L Y.

I suppose the intelligence will not be very pleasing to them, but no matter.—As it's a fine morning, I think to walk an hour longer—you must walk with me, *Deceit*.

D E C E I T.

I'd rather return.

F R I E N D L Y.

I know you would—but for once you must do a small violence to your inclinations—so *allons*—(takes her by the hand and leads her off.)

Scene

*Scene changes to a room in Mrs. Stately's house.*

Mrs. STATELY, Mrs. INSOLENT, INSOLENT.

INSOLENT.

(*Aside.*—*Friendly* her Lover! I do not like this—I must contrive some means to put him against her.)  
O dear madam, your daughter is yet too young to marry, besides how you can live without her, I cannot conceive.

Mrs. STATELY.

She is rather young to be sure—but it will be a certain method of keeping her from *Constant*; as to the inconveniencies I may suffer from losing her, I must submit to them—it may be as well now, as hereafter.

INSOLENT.

She can be easily enough kept from him---he! what say you, my dear? (to Mrs. *Insolent*.)

Mrs. INSOLENT.

I am quite of your opinion.

*Enter FRIENDLY and DECEIT.*

DECEIT.

(*In a hurry to speak*) Fine doings—

FRIENDLY.

Give me leave to speak, if you please, madam—  
(to Deceit)

Mrs. STATELY.

What is all this?—where's *Lizy*?—

DECEIT, *still in a hurry.*

O my dear ma'am—

FRIENDLY.

Won't you hold your peace—

Mrs.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

What can be the meaning of all this? tell me, Mr. Friendly, where have you left my daughter?

F R I E N D L Y.

Safe, madam.—

D E C E I T, *eagerly.*

She's only gone off to be married, madam.

[*Here all start with surprise.*]

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

Married! what can this mean? how, where, when, to whom?

D E C E I T.

To Mr. Constant.

A L L, *astonished.*

Constant! —

I N S O L E N T, *calling in a hurry.*

Here Thomas, William, saddle the horses directly— which way did they go?

F R I E N D L Y.

You may spare yourself the trouble of pursuing them, I've used such precautions for their success— that their union must be compleat long before this time, it cannot be long indeed before they are here.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.]

How! You, Mr. Friendly, assist them! I'm all astonishment.

I N S O L E N T to Mrs. STATELY.

Had I been consulted sooner, I might have prevented it. I told you it was too soon to think of marrying your daughter to any one.

E F R I E N D L Y.

FRIENDLY.

Yes, Sir, you, I know, would ever think it too soon, for very prudential reasons. Her grave would be the husband that would best please you.

INSOLENT.

I don't understand you, Sir, this behaviour I could not have expected from you.

FRIENDLY.

I know not what your expectations may be, but I well know what your deserts are.

[*Insolent bites his lips, and appears much enraged—*

Mrs. STATELY.

Will you favor us, Sir, with an explanation of this affair.

FRIENDLY.)

Why, madam,—to be plain—the ill usage Mr. *Constant* received from this family, induced me to become his friend—my assuming the character of *Eliza's* lover, was a scheme purely to serve him, I undertook it, and am happy in our success.

Mrs. STATELY, *in a passion.*

And have you the impudence thus to face us, after so basely betraying me?

FRIENDLY.

When you consider circumstances, divested of passion and prejudice, I think you will find you have no great reason to be offended with me.

Mrs. STATELY.

This is unbearable.

FRIENDLY.

Come, come, madam—when you are a little cool, know you will think better of it: consider, he is a young  
m



man of a good character, and not a mean education; and tho' he may be wanting in fortune, a little assiduity will, I dare say, in time, make ample amends for it.

Mrs. STATELY, *bursting into tears.*

That a child of mine——

F R I E N D L Y.

—Consider, madam—what is past cannot be recalled.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

Well, well, she is still my child, tho' she has been disobedient, and I believe I must contrive to make the best I can, of a bad matter.

F R I E N D L Y.

Dear madam, you cannot conceive what satisfaction it gives me, to find you relent. How happy will the young couple be, when they know you are inclining to forgive them.

I N S O L E N T.

Indeed, madam, if you ever take the least notice of him or her either, you must never expect me to enter within your doors again.

Mrs. I N S O L E N T.

Nor me either—do you think I'll condescend to acknowledge that beggar *Constant* for my brother? no, I would eat my flesh first. I shall never bear to be in the same room with them,—as for *Eliza*, I shall never own her for my sister more, as long as I live—I shall never bear the sight of her.

*Enter Constant and Eliza,—who run and kneel to Mrs. Stately.*

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

Well, well, my children, since it is now too late to chide, I forgive you—rise—you have had a powerful advocate in Mr. *Friendly*.—

CON

C O N S T A N T.

Madam, this goodness overcomes me—if a life, wholly spent in unceasing endeavours to please, can make any atonement for my inferiority in fortune, be assured nothing shall be wanting on my part.

E L I Z A.

Let me madam, express my gratitude for this.——

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

No more, *Lizy*—may you both be happy!——

C O N S T A N T *to* F R I E N D L Y.

My dear friend, let me in behalf of *Eliza* and myself return you our warmest thanks.

F R I E N D L Y.

Poh, poh---cannot a man do his duty, without all these acknowledgments

*(During this conversation, Mr. and Mrs. Insolent look scornfully on Constant and Eliza)*

I N S O L E N T.

Let us begone, my dear, I cannot bear to see them.

Mrs. I N S O L E N T.

Ay, come---contemptible wretches!---without there ---order our carriage to the door—I can stay no longer. *Exit Mr. and Mrs. Insolent looking with contempt*

E L I Z A.

Would to Heaven my sister and brother would look a little more kindly on me, then would nothing be wanting to compleat my happiness.

Mrs. S T A T E L Y.

It would give me great pleasure too, my dear-time may bring it about.

CON-

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C O N S T A N T.

I much fear it, tho' most ardently wish it.

F R I E N D L Y.

Since I have the satisfaction of seeing this loving couple happy, I'll take the liberty to put in a word or two, by way of application.

Merit, tho' humble, what I say regard,  
Or soon, or late, will meet its full reward;  
Nor deem this prophesy th' effect of gall,  
That pride, tho' to a chariot rais'd, must have a fall.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 9, line 15, for *define* read *divine*.

26, line 11, for *you make* read *you may make*.

( 2 )  
C O N T A I N T

I wish for it, most ardently with it.

F R I E N D S

Since I have the sensation of being this living  
couple happy, I'll take the liberty to put in a word  
or two, by way of application.

Merit, tho' humble, what I say regard,  
Or soon, or late, will meet its full reward;  
Nor deem this prophecy in vain of call,  
That while the to a champion hand, I'll have a fall.

F R I E N D S

F R I E N D S  
Page of this is the right hand  
to the left, for you must read the right hand.



